



# The STRANGE CASE OF MARY PAGE

By FREDERICK LEWIS, Author of "What Happened to Mary"

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## SYNOPSIS.

Mary Page, actress, is accused of the murder of Dave Pollock, a gambler, by her lover, Philip Langdon. Pollock was intoxicated. At Mary's trial she admits she had the revolver. Her maid testifies that Mary threatened Pollock with it previously, and Mary's leading man implicates Langdon. How Mary disappeared from the scene of the crime is a mystery. Brandon tells of a strange hand print he saw on Mary's shoulder. Further evidence shows that horror of drink produces temporary insanity in Mary. The defense is "repressed psychosis." Witnesses describe Mary's flight from her intoxicated father and her father's suicide. Nurse Walton describes the kidnapping of Mary by Pollock and Amy Barton tells of Mary's struggles to become an actress and Pollock's pursuit of her. There is evidence that Daniels, Mary's manager, threatened Pollock. Mary faints on the stand and again goes insane when a policeman offers her whiskey. Daniels testifies that Pollock threatened to kill Mary and Langdon and actually attempted to kill the latter. Two witnesses describe Mary's flight to the street from the hotel and her abduction by men from a gambling place near by. Further evidence seems to incriminate Daniels.

## CHAPTER XII.

Maggie Hale.

"WHAT is your name?"  
"Maggie Hale."  
"And your occupation?"  
For a fraction of a minute she hesitated and then answered lightly. "I am out of employment just at present. I was private secretary to Theodore Barker."

A flicker of mutual amusement shot from Langdon's eyes to those of the Prosecutor, and the spectators with a whispering rustle of interest leaned forward to stare, for "Texas" Barker was a striking figure in the city.

His millions amassed by the masculine love of "taking a chance" would have made him notable anywhere, but "Texas" the gambler enlarged that notability to the spectacular, though his constant clashes with the police had recently robbed him of some of his more exclusive patronage.

To Mary Page alone the name Barker meant nothing, and the sudden eagerness in her manner was due not to the expectation of a bit of sensational testimony, but because this was the woman she had been supposed to be on the night when the police dragged her to jail.

This new witness was, however, not a woman to bring from Mary anything but an uncontrollable shudder of aversion. For she was of the hard-mouthed, bold-eyed type whose profession it is to make herself attractive to men. She was the decoy of the great gambling hell back of the Hotel Republic, and Mary wondered vaguely what on earth she could possibly know of the tragedy, that after so many weeks seemed no nearer a solution.

The Prosecutor wondered much the same thing, and the Judge made a mental note to warn Langdon that witnesses whose characters were not beyond reproach detracted from rather than added to a case.

And he made that resolution in the face of the twinkle of amused recognition that Maggie Hale had shot him when she took the stand. For all kinds and all classes met at Barker's, and it was with this famous place that Langdon's first question dealt.

"As secretary to Mr. Barker you must have been frequently at his establishment back of the Hotel Republic, were you not?"

"I was," the witness answered readily. "But mostly in the daytime. I had my evenings free."

"There were evenings when you were there, though, were there not?"  
"Oh, lots!" Her tone was freighted with easy amusement. "Sometimes I met up with a party for dinner or a show, and then we'd drift about to try and bank at The House."

She smiled, and several men in the courtroom smiled too.

"Miss Hale, were you a friend of David Pollock?"  
"I knew him; knew him pretty well. He was at Barker's a good bit."

"Were you at Barker's on the night that he was shot?"  
"Yes, but early. Somebody tipped me off that the air was fresher at a cabaret."

A snigger of repressed mirth filtered through the room at this hint of the big raid, but Langdon frowned.

"Had you seen Mr. Pollock that day?"  
"No. Not since the night before."

"Miss Hale, isn't true that you were to have joined the supper party for the company that Mr. Pollock and Mr. Daniels were giving?"  
"No. I wanted to, but he said it was purely theatrical. Then I bet him I would come anyway."

"Why were you particularly anxious to attend that party—on Mr. Pollock's account?"  
"Not on your life! I knew that there was going to be some crooked work pulled off, but I couldn't prove it. I—I had a grudge against someone who was in on it, and I wanted to queer his deal."

"And you tell us please what that deal was?"  
The woman twisted her hands together nervously, and her eyes darted among the spectators as if searching for a menacing face, then she said slowly:

"The—the deal wasn't pulled off, and

I'd rather—tell it without any names, if I've got to tell it. I'm not keen about snitching on people."  
"I think you may tell it as you please. Should it become necessary to reveal the name I will ask for it."

"That's the ticket. Well, you see it was this way."

Miss Hale settled back in her chair, as though she really enjoyed the interest she was creating.

"Barker knew a fat lot of crooks of all kinds, and he had one pal called Budge Dudley who—wasn't all he might have been, but Texas stuck to him because he'd helped him once a long time ago. It was the same with Larry the Josh. Larry had a soft job at The House, and Texas kept him for old time's sake."

"Well, that's got nothing to do with it, except that these fellows cooked up a plant by which they were to get a

"That's around the corner from the banquet room."  
"How near is that to what is known as the 'gray suite,' do you know?"  
"Of course I do. It's at the end of that corridor."

"Can you reach the fire-escape from it?"

"No. There's a fire tower at the other side of the building that you are supposed to use. But I didn't know that when I was seized with a desire to write letters in that room."

"What time did you go in there?"

"Oh, I don't know—round about eleven o'clock or so."

"Did you look out the window?"

"Sure I did, lots of times. I had to do something to prevent death from boredom with my own company."

"It was then that you found you could not reach the fire-escape, was it?"

"Yes. But I could see it and that was just about as important for me. All I wanted was to have the goods on a woman that had been blabbing too much about me."

"Miss Hale, did you at any time when you looked out at the fire-escape hear any conversation?"

"Yes."

"When?"

"Well, I wasn't wearing my wrist

"Did you see the defendant, Mary Page, pass?"  
"Yes."  
"Was she alone?"  
"No; Daniels, the theatrical feller, was with her."

There was a slight pause.

"Now, Miss Hale," Langdon's voice was serious, but deep with an emotion that stirred the bewildered spectators with the sense of something big and important even though they could not grasp it. "Did Mr. Daniels show any emotion when he passed the door of the gray suite?"

"I don't know as you would call it emotion exactly. He acted like a man that hears a familiar voice. To come down to facts, he stopped short and listened, and it wasn't till he noticed that Miss Page had stopped too that he laughed loudly as if to cover up something and hurried her along to the banquet room."

"Did you see Mr. Daniels again?"  
"Yes; a little later. I went across to the window to get an eyeful of what was going on out there, but couldn't see a thing, and after waiting a bit I went back to the door."

"Was anyone in the corridor?"

"Yes. A kid was walking along towards the stairs and Daniels was standing by the door of the gray suite

"Sure? Of course I'm sure. One window was open, yes. The one to the left hand side of the room, but the other one, the one through which I had heard the talk, was closed. I'm dead sure of it—dead sure."

"Miss Hale, you say you were one of the first to enter the room. Will you describe exactly what you saw?"

"I saw the body of Dave Pollock lying face down on the floor with a dribble of blood coming from under him, and a little faint, with her face all twisted up, like a person with a stroke. Mr. Langdon was lifting her up in his arms. Daniels was there, and the pretty boy that played the lead in the Page company. There was one of the hotel officials, too."

The memory of the ghastly scene did not disturb her at all. She was as calm as though she had been entertaining visitors at home.

"But you did NOT see, did you, the short man whom Pollock had been haranguing a few moments before?"

The question was sharp and direct.

"No. Unless it was either you, Mr. Langdon, or Mr. Daniels. There was no other man there whom it could have been."

and calmly, weighing every word, as though he knew the sensation his question would create, "was that man who stood under the arc light dressed in a light suit with a red tie?"  
"He was!"

[To be continued.]

## Kelly the Dandy.

Eccentrics have flourished in every age, but possibly they were at their height in the days of George III. and the regency, when to odd was considered fashionable. Take the case of Lieutenant Colonel Kelly of the (then) First Foot guards, who was a very vain, emaciated looking dandy, but at the same time a gentleman. "He was haughty in the extreme and very fond of dress. His boots were so well varnished that the polish now in use could not surpass Kelly's blacking in brilliancy. His pantaloons were made of the finest leather, and his coats were imitable. In short, his dress was considered perfect."

Kelly was burned to death while trying to save his favorite boots, and the story goes that the dandies competed among themselves to secure the services of his valet, who knew the se-

not until five years ago. The doctors told her mamma there was no hope, and she plausibly resigned herself to the loss.

"But tell me at least," cried she, "what ails my poor child and of what can she possibly be dying?"

"Of age, dear madam," answered her physician. "Miss Shelley was never strong, and seventy-six years have nearly worn her out."

"Oh, dear! Is she really? Why, I am ninety-four myself, and I am not dying of age!"

She spoke truly and outlived her little girl, as she called her, six years.

## COLONEL BOWIE'S KNIFE.

The Original Weapon Was Presented to Edwin Forrest.

As a very small child I remember a bowie knife that was kept hanging from a high post bed. It was my joy when alone to draw up a chair, place a cricket on that, then climb up, clasping the bedpost with one arm and with the other drawing the bowie knife as far from the sheath as I dared. I can feel now the murderous gleam of the steel and the thrilling sense of danger.

I do not know what has become of this knife, but there are several among the Bowie family in Maryland and one which, I think, is asserted to be the original is preserved at the Players' club in New York.

The original was fashioned from an old file under the personal supervision of Colonel Rezin P. Bowie by Jesse Cliffe, the plantation blacksmith, and given to his brother, Colonel James Bowie, who made it famous and gave it to the actor Forrest after having used it in nineteen deadly encounters.

Colonel Bowie was called by the Indians the Fighting Devil, by his Texan followers the Young Lion, yet we are also told that he was the most peaceable man in the world if you let him alone. His portrait is that of a strong man and a gentleman thoroughly disillusioned and as true as steel. Above all things the leader for a forlorn hope, but with no suggestion of the border desperado which he is so often represented to be.—A. Bowie in New York Sun.

## HISTORIC BRENNER PASS.

This Alpine Gap Is a Famous Pathway For Great Armies.

The mighty Brenner pass is the Thermopylae of Tyrol. From times immemorial the northern tribes have sought the refinements and culture of the south over this wonderful Alpine saddle, first in fame among all the gaps in the rugged Alpine defenses against the north, and a way which has echoed to the dying cries of warriors and clashing accoutrements of myriad Roman legions and to the noisy disorder of the passage of many armies through more than 2,000 years of restless history.

Innsbruck, the Tyrolean capital, is at the northern terminus of this way, while Bozen, the largely Latinized metropolis of the south, lies 3,000 feet below. Innsbruck is exclusively of the northland, surrounded by pines, apples and fir trees, and Bozen, like Italy beyond the mountains, is in the midst of a region of vines, figs and olives.

Historic points crowd one another along the Brenner. Guldstone of the time of Caracalla and Septimius Severus have been found buried here. Some of the world's greatest generals have traveled this path, north and south, and here the Tyrolean peasant, Andreas Hofer, the simple, untaught Austrian hero, proved himself greater than one of the best officers of Napoleon.—National Geographic Bulletin.

## Nature Study.

Animals that hunt are not only "front-eyed," but also have front nostrils, with noses especially fitted by their flat tips and the openings squarely in front, where they can be brought to bear upon the same spot of ground in concentrated attention in order to pick up a delicate trace which human nostrils could not perceive. A dog trots along, his nose close to the ground, and bends his course to the right or left as though tracing over some invisible chart by means of his power of scent. The dog is a natural meat eater and if not supported by man must be a hunter, so his nose is the most important part of his outfit, as it is of the other "front nostrils"—the wolf, tiger, lion, mink, weasel, etc.

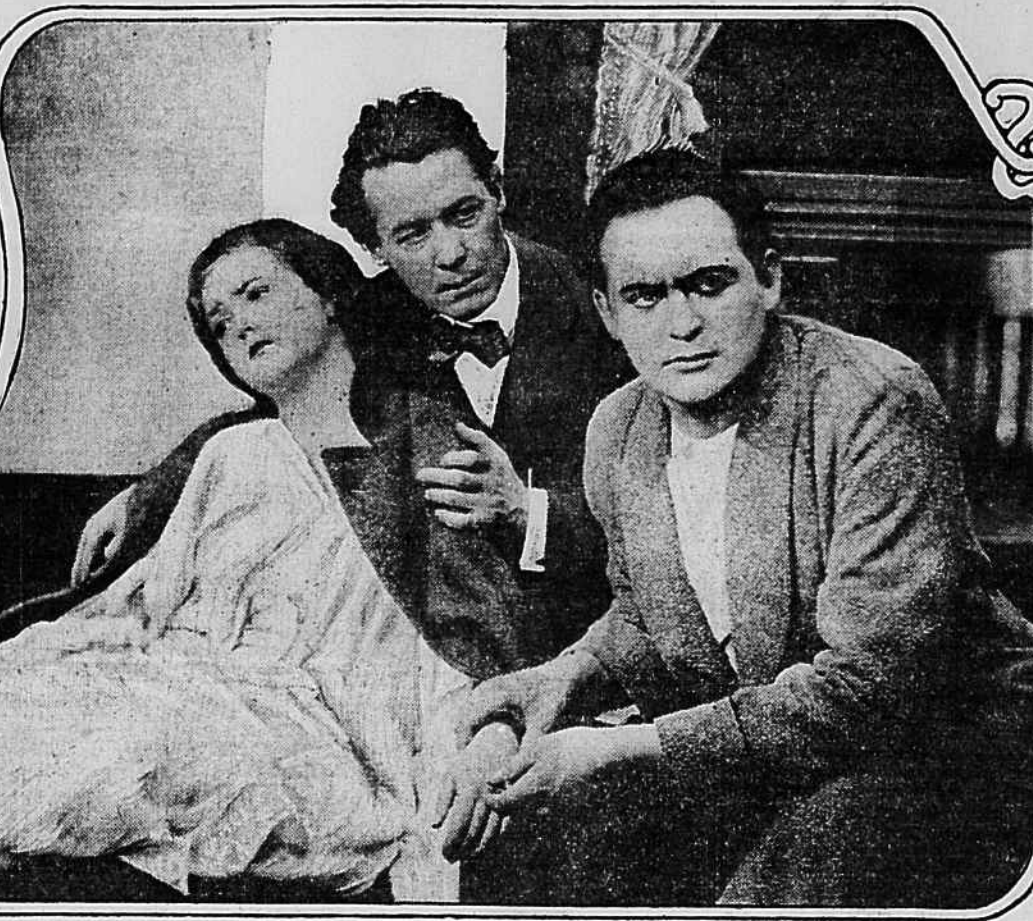
But the hunted are the "side nostrils," eaters of vegetation, such as deer, rabbits, etc. These are keen scented, too, but their interest is less in knowing what animals passed before them than in detecting those that may be approaching, so their nostrils run around to the sides, where they can read the message of each passing breeze and be warned of coming danger.—Farm Journal.

## Permanent.

Parke—You know, I wish I had some real occupation that I knew was going to take up a large part of my time for the rest of my life. Lane—Why don't you start a lawsuit in New York?—Life.



MARY PAGE.



"I SAW THE BODY OF DAVE POLLOCK LYING FACE DOWN ON THE FLOOR WITH A DRIBBLE OF BLOOD COMING FROM UNDER HIM AND A LITTLE WAY OFF MARY PAGE LYING IN A DEAD FAINT, WITH HER FACE ALL TWISTED UP, LIKE A PERSON WITH A STROKE. MR. LANGDON WAS LIFTING HER UP IN HIS ARMS."

with one hand on the knob and with his ear flat against the panel."

"How long did he stand there?"  
"Oh, a minute or so. At first I thought he was going to open the door. Then he shrugged his shoulders and walked a step away. Just then I thought I heard the sound of a window being closed and I ran towards my window. Before I got there, though, there was a scream and a shot and I ran out into the hall instead. Old

Daniels was beating it down the corridor and Mr. Langdon here was standing at the door of the gray room."

"Did you join the crowd about the door?"

"Of course I did. I was one of the first to get into the room."

"Was the window still open?"

"No." The witness was very emphatic. Her mouth shut in a tight line.

"Now—be careful, Miss Hale—are you sure of that?"

"Was the voice you heard mine? Speak frankly."

"No. Unless you've changed your elocution teacher." There was a slight titter. "It was kind of thick and nasal."

"Would you recognize it again if you heard it?"

"Yes. But I haven't heard it since."

"What did you do during the excitement?"

"I was too horrified to do anything for a minute. Then people kept pushing in, and so I went across and took another slant at the fire-escape."

"Did you see anyone?"

"Not on the fire-escape itself, but two men were in the alley staring up at the hotel. I could see their faces."

"Two men—are you sure there were two?"

"Yes. Of course I am, I could see them plain. One was almost under the arc light."

"Miss Hale," said Langdon, clearly

cret of the blacking. Brummel was one of the competitors, but the man told him that the \$150 a year he had been accustomed to receive was not enough for his talent and that he should require £200, upon which the Beau replied, "Well, if you will make it guineas I shall be happy to attend upon you."—Westminster Gazette.

## Fighting Locusts.

Modern methods to defeat an ancient enemy were employed with extraordinary success in Costa Rica. The country was invaded by an army of locusts. Ordinary methods were employed to combat the pest without avail. Then a state of actual war was declared against the insects. Cannon loaded with sand were wheeled into advantageous positions and the invading army literally bombarded. Rockets, asphyxiating gases and gunpowder were also used, but the greatest success was obtained with the sand. At the time of the first invasion of the country by the locusts they were apparently in comparatively small numbers, so that they were speedily driven across the boundaries into Nicaragua. Active defense preparations were then made, and when the original invading army, heavily re-enforced, made its second appearance two months later the Costa Ricans were ready and literally blew the insects from the face of the earth.

## A "Young" Old Lady.

In "The Intimate Letters of Hester Piozzi and Penelope Pennington," edited by Oswald G. Knapp, appears an anecdote of a most unusual old lady. There was a Mrs. Shelley in Sussex, says Mrs. Piozzi—her sneering neighbors called her Epistle and Gospel—who had two maiden daughters. One broke her leg and died at about forty years of age, but the other departed

Read This Thrilling Story and Then See the Pictures  
at the Robinson Grand